



MAY

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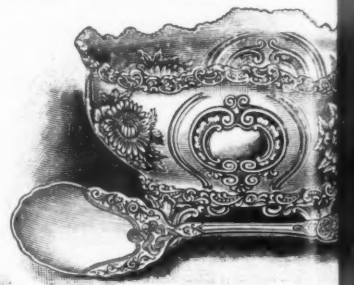
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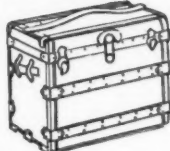


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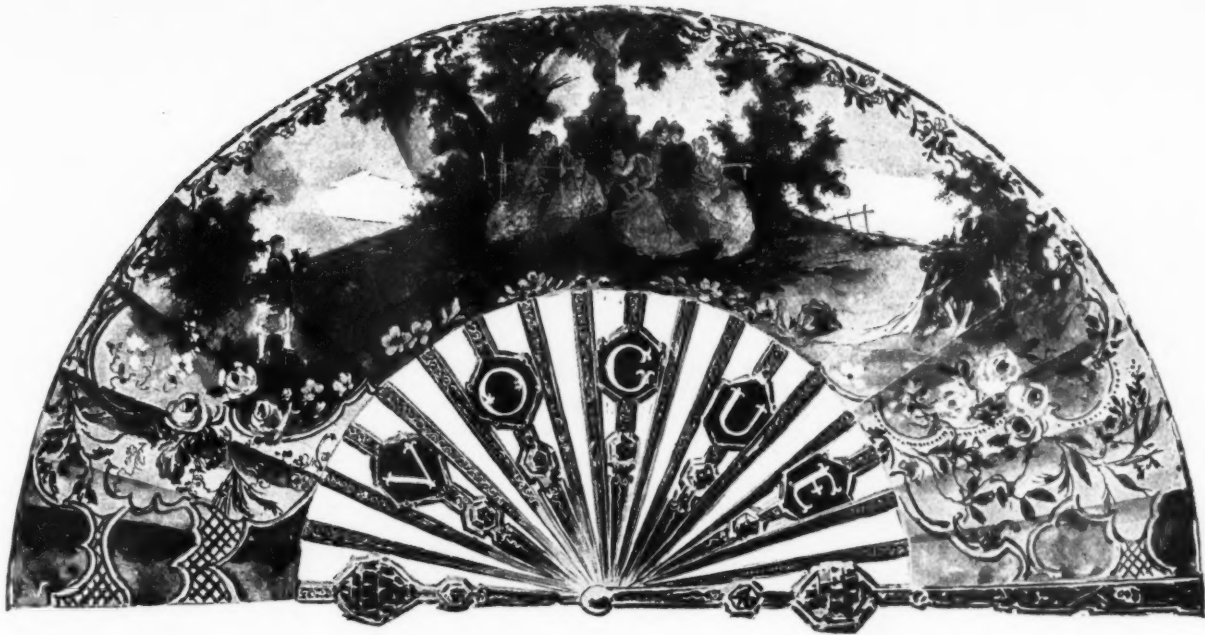
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XUM



That clever women marry stupid men and vice versa has been so frequently remarked, and the proposition has been so often assented to and by so many people, that it has almost become axiomatic. At first sight this fact, however, appears only to affect the parties to the match, but reflection shows that it makes a great deal of difference to Society at large that every entertaining member of it should be chained for life to a dull, unresponsive oaf. For Society, in spite of the anathemas launched at it by the stricter moralists on the subject of marriage and divorce, respects the idea of the unity of husband and wife to a far greater extent than any other agglomeration of mankind, not even excepting the Church.

Wherefore the character of the spouses of our acquaintances becomes a question of supreme importance. It is not a small matter for the hostess that for every wit an ass must be invited to the feast!

It is interesting to note the difference of the sexes in the treatment of the situations evolved from this condition of things by the parties most concerned. The brilliant husband shines on serenely. Like a cock pheasant or peacock—birds of a feather—he exhibits his gorgeous plumage seemingly oblivious of his dun-colored mate. While on the other hand, the clever wife either does her part to bring her helpmate into notice and show off his good points, if he has any, or else chafes visibly at his stupidity, and makes it the butt of her most pointed witticisms. We know of one charming woman who treats her lord as though he were an educated pig or something of the sort, and thereby earns our intense admiration. Making the best of very unpromising material, she teaches him clever little stories, to which (when they have been rehearsed to the lifting of an eyebrow) she deftly leads the conversation, and in this way gives the assembled company a double entertainment of no mean merit. Another woman less genial but no less bright is wont to keep the dinner table in a roar of merriment by the sarcasms which she hurls at her spouse.

We venture to commend both of these women to the sterner sex. In this utilitarian age it is a pity not to turn even stupidity to account, and, while it may be very good sport for the gentlemen to carry their foils about with them in the shape of their wives, it is most annoying to every one else to be obliged to put up with people

who will neither "row, fish nor cut bait" merely for the pleasures of their husbands' society.

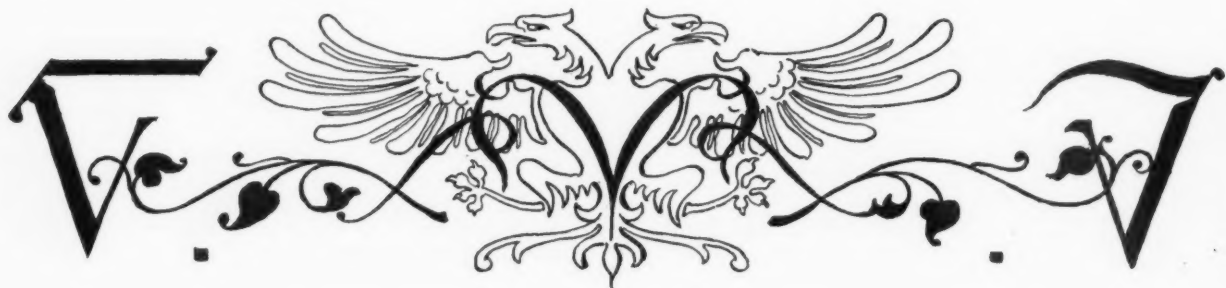
"When Eve in Eden first essayed  
Her toilette, which was brief,  
To moderns an example she  
Turned over a new leaf."

WE have left such delightful simplicity far, far behind, and, although some squeamish persons have thought from time to time that the clothing of the ladies at least showed a tendency to revert to type, we fancy that there is no immediate danger of the dressmakers losing their grip. The attitudes toward dress of different ages, different peoples and different individuals conflict greatly with one another. Whether the clothes do or do not make the man appears to be a mooted question and authors may be cited on each side in endless succession. Which way the weight of authority trends is almost as obscure as is a question of orthoepy. One could hardly say more. Again,



the dress both of men and women has often been made the subject not only of anathemas from the pulpit but also of sumptuary laws by the State. In short, clothes have given, and, what with milliners' bills, etc., still give, so much trouble in this poor suffering world as to bear the Book of Genesis out—on the principle of "by their fruits ye shall know them"—in its account of their satanic origin. Nevertheless, and anything herein above contained to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding, there is much satisfaction in being well dressed. The possession of all the virtues, with tact to boot, does not give one the same feeling of confidence in one's self and superiority to one's surroundings as the consciousness of being faultlessly and fittingly attired. This is felt more strongly by women than men, and has been often expressed before by the former, but it is no less true of the latter, although many of them go through life without discovering it, much to the chagrin of their sweethearts and wives. In fact our heart melts within us when we think of the agonies to which the sweethearts, especially, are some-times subjected. Fancy having even to refuse a man who proposes to one in a white satin tie, an embroidered shirt front, Congress gaiters, etc., etc.!!!

Benoit.



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Costume of tan crépon, skirt drawn up at right side to show under petticoat of striped brown silk. Basque of the striped silk. Bows and trimmings of brown velvet.

DANGEROUS

The woman who reads nothing but French novels

THE LORD PROPRIETOR

**B**eneath the Sacred Tree of the Grand Lama in the garden of the manor house stood a young girl, barely a woman.

On all sides of her spread an extravagant Oriental dream of gorgeous masses of color. A long avenue arched its perspective with moss drapery of century-old live oaks.

In the distance lay a fairy lake spanned by a bridge snow-white and pierced like point-lace. Near at hand bloomed the bouquets of the camellia japonicas, planted here in the New World for the first time by the hand of André Michaux.

The girl had fastened one waxy white blos-

som upon her breast, and in the night-black ripples of her hair hung a cluster of rose colored azaleas. She sat down upon a rustic bench, hid her rough shoes by a dexterous sweep of her skirt of Indienne, and waited—her eyes exploring the twilight of the avenue.

Presently a man's figure appeared, a dark speck in the converging lines of oaks. A clear red began to spread upon her fallow cheek. She hung her graceful head and looked steadily at the ground.

The advancing figure approached silently. A deep voice called her by name so unexpectedly that she sprang to her feet in surprise.

"Sir!" she said softly. Then putting her hands before her face she burst into

tears, throwing herself on the ground at his feet.

He stooped to her, seated himself upon the bench and drew her head to his knee.

"Do not weep so," he whispered, "it distresses me."

She suppressed her sobs, laid a timid hand upon his and covered his palm with kisses.

He spoke quietly, she listened, punctuating his sentences with her lips. She even bent and kissed the silver buckles on his shoes.

"When I return," he said at last, "you shall be free. I will leave the papers with the Royal Governor."

"Free?" she said blankly, "free—and away from you?"



IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

"Yes."  
 "No, no!" she cried, reaching her arms to him, "let me be your slave—and love you!"

Her veil of hair fell over his arm. He gathered her to his breast. They went slowly to the house in the dusk. At the stone steps, shaded by the trees of paradise, he bent again to her. Their lips met. She clung to him, sobbing passionately: "I cannot let you go. . . . Oh, to-morrow—to-morrow!"

"We will forget there is to-morrow," he murmured at her ear, holding her tightly.

They went slowly up the steps. The stone griffins glared upon them. The japonica from her breast fell at their stony feet. Alas! It was crushed and brown. Love's embrace had killed it.

\* \* \* \*

Broad were the lands held in fief at one penny the acre by the nobility under Locke's code of laws—the landgraves, the cassiques and barons of the Royal Province of Carolina. But the broadest and richest of all were held by Richard Heron of Heronsmere, across whose marshy rice-fields rang sweetly the "ring o' bells" in Old St. George's tower. The young baron held an indenture "made in the sixth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady, Anne, by Grace of God, of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, Queen," from William, Earl of Craven, Palatine.

Herosmere was laid out with great magnificence. It contained "fourteen hundred acres of land, and its gardens, fish ponds, hedges, terraces and fountains, surpassed anything in the South."

Within the manor house the "walls were painted in landscapes, gilded cherubs spread their wings over the arches, the chambers were hung with Gobelin tapestry, the floors tessellated, the apartments adorned with statues."

But these stately halls were empty. An epidemic of West Indian fever had numbered among its victims the Landgrave, Thomas Heron, and his beautiful wife.

Herosmere and its four baronies descended to the Landgrave's only child, Cecil Richard. Business of importance and diplomacy hurried him to England, where he had been educated. Early in the spring he began his hazardous journey by stepping aboard his schooner at the plantation wharf, and sailed thence to Charleston to gain the out-going vessel for Liverpool.

The numerous slaves crowded upon the river bank to watch the departure of the master—all but one. She alone knew the secret of the sliding panel in the dark staircase.

Secure from observation and out of hearing, she lay upon the bare floor of the secret room and screamed and moaned and beat her head against the boards, until exhausted she fell asleep, and sleeping—dreamed of him.

Slowly the months passed. The hot summer bloomed and faded.

The dripping autumn and winter came with wan moons, and now and then a solitary icicle hung its poniard from the eaves-edge.

The fair spring began to blush again along the river banks, and again the azaleas rioted in rainbow splendor along the avenues.

Camille, Count de Choiseul, cousin of the young landgrave, held Heronsmere and planted its rice-fields in his absence.

One bright spring morning he ordered the housekeeper to collect the slaves of the house in the great hall. The field hands were reckoned with the cattle.

De Choiseul glanced over the brown and yellow faces before him and announced the return of the master. To the housekeeper he said: "The suite of rooms in the west wing is to be refurnished. The furniture arrives from France to-day. The landgrave brings his bride, an English lady of rank, to his new home. See that everything is in absolute perfection."

There was a loud shriek from the midst of the women. One of them had fallen upon the floor. No one dared to stir. But black and brown eyes exchanged rapid glances. De Choiseul went up to the prostrate woman and looked down at her for a moment.

Then briefly to the others:

"You may go."

In a moment the hall was empty.







(1. Centre Picture.) HOUSE GOWN, PRIVATE GOWN.—Rob Roy plaid of satin merveilleux, full skirt, demi-train, short waist with bias centre of the plaid satin. A front of dark green velvet, and green velvet revers covered with duchesse lace, soft green velvet collar, full balloon sleeves with elbow, tight-fitting sleeves of green velvet to the wrist, trimmed with duchesse lace.

DINNER GOWN (upper left figure).—Cream-white satin, demi-train, round low neck back and front, double bertha of pink velvet bespangled with silver, full sleeves to the elbow and white chiffon spangled, in a ruffle falling half way to the wrist, Madam de Mattivette rose, long spangled chiffon scarf, caught at the back, draped over the shoulders, knotted at the belt, hangs to the bottom of the skirt; two pink spangled velvet ruffles at the bottom of the skirt. Tiny mother-of-pearl fan suspended by a gold chain.

NÉGLIGÉ GOWN (lowest figure on page).—White silk

chiffon, shirred from the neck very full over a cream-white silk underlining, sleeves very full, shirred from the elbow to the wrist, forming a "cock's comb" on the outer side of the sleeve, with a finish of a deep ruffle over the hand, white chiffon ruffles from the throat to the bottom of the skirt in front. Light blue velvet collar, and velvet butterfly bows on both shoulders.

ROBE DE VISITE (upper right figure).—Underskirt of peunia velvet, with overskirt of gray figured cloth. Waist of gray chiffon shirred from the neck to the bust and drawn in folds to the waist line, a ruffle of three inches below the belt of petunia velvet, and gray chiffon ruffles falling over the velvet, a tiny roll of velvet around the waist, soft velvet collar. Sleeves very full and shirred. Hat petunia velvet, gray chiffon plissé around the brim, gray plumes and gray satin ribbon.

(5) TRAVELING GOWN (lower right figure).—Dark

moss-green cloth, hand embroidered at the bottom in turquoise blue, and green silk braid, with jet spangles. Waist of black chiffon, with stretches of écu insertion only in front, black moiré collar and moiré centre. Sleeves of green cloth to the elbow, from the elbow to the wrist tight-fitting green velvet, embroidered as on the bottom of the skirt, chinchilla fur cuffs. Cape, double cape of green velvet embroidered, deep chinchilla collar, long black wide moiré ribbon with long loops hangs from the back below the waist.

(6) HOME GOWN (lower left figure).—Under skirt of black moiré with two ruffles, an Empire gown of black cloth, waist of black moiré, with folds of black chiffon, and black chiffon rosettes on shoulders with straps of gold lace insertion, back and front, soft moiré collar, full moiré sleeves with cuffs turned back à la gauntlet. Hat, Directoire hat of green velvet, embroidered, and two stiff ostrich quills.

De Choiseul lifted the fainting girl to her feet, propped her up upon a high carved settle and stood before the fireplace studying her face.

She leaned her head back, regardless of his scrutiny, and breathed heavily through her half-open lips.

Her fine sallow features were cut like old ivory against the dead black heaps of hair.

"That was a foolish thing to do," said De Choiseul quietly. "Had you controlled yourself the future would have been yours. As it is—how can you expect to remain here?"

She looked at him with half shut eyes without moving.

De Choiseul took a paper from his pocket.

"My cousin provided for this emergency before his departure. Hereafter you belong—to me."

The woman sat uprightly fixing her wide, dark eyes upon his quiet face.

"Before his departure?" she asked, in a whisper so keen De Choiseul's ears rang.

"Before his departure," he repeated mechanically.

She got upon her feet stiffly. Then turned to him with clasped hands:

"I will not make you any more annoyance. Believe me, I will be careful. But permit me to stay here until the master returns."

She drew near and gazed into his immobile face. "Count de Choiseul, I love my master as no one on earth or in heaven can love him. Let me stay. Let me see him once more in his own house. I will never speak to him again. I will not let him see me. Let me stay until he comes?"

De Choiseul looked deep into her eyes. He hesitated. "Stay then," he said, against his judgment, "but—take care!"

She returned his look steadfastly for a moment, and they left the hall, each by a separate door.

\* \* \* \*

The bridal party made a landing on the river bank, perhaps two miles from the manor.

Horses were in readiness for them and they mounted and rode gaily on.

The bride, a haughty and beautiful Englishwoman, sat her horse easily and looked about her with ever-increasing curiosity and delight.

"It is the most beautiful country in the world!" she exclaimed with unusual enthusiasm.

"Ah, wait!" cried the young landgrave, "wait until we reach the spot I spoke of."

They spurred their horses up a bit of rising ground.



THE PARISIENNE ON A WHEEL

Before them the great live oaks met in a leafy screen save for an oval opening in which hung like an enchanted picture against the dense greenery a far-reaching prospect of the estate and manor house. Field and fallow and fountain, terrace and river and lake, all crowned with the Colonial residence, white-pillared, rose-wreathed, its gilded belvedere blazing in the sun of May.

No one spoke. All gazed as if struck to stone by enchantment.

The Englishwoman had dreamed of paradise. She now beheld it. Even as they gazed a bright devouring flame leaped high in air.

With one exultant burst, a volume of smoke and fierce flame enveloped the manor. From every window, from every tower, from every pillar, rushed the scarlet horror.

Before their very eyes the stately structure melted like the baseless fabric of a dream.

The landgrave turned his horse's head toward the schooner. Without a word his wife rode by his side.

In a few moments the speechless company were on their way to Charleston.

The landgrave returned to England in the vessel in which he had come and never again set foot upon the shores of the Royal Province.

His eldest son joined his fortunes to those of the Republic, and Heronsmere was never rebuilt.

Camille de Choiseul, wandering among the ashes of the place, found a few charred bones.

He gave them burial not far from the marble tombs of the old landgrave and his wife.

Claude M. Girardeau.

## REVERIE OF THE MOON

A Little before the Civil War, during the season when they call me the "Harvest Moon," I was watching an old mammy tell her children of the good days to come. She was sitting before the door of her log cabin on the banks of the old Ohio, with her little picaninnies all around her. They were listening to her tale with wide open eyes and mouth. Their master, Marsh Whitehill, was cruel, and when the old mammy told them that Con'l Tobin had promised to buy them "as soon as his ship comes in," and that he would be a kind master, little Tom asked about that ship.

"Oh, dat ship, chile, am laden wid sparklin' jewels, diamonds and pearls, an' wid gold and silber! Ya-as, it will come floatin' up dis here Ohio, de Lawd knows when, but it's comin', for Con'l Tobin sed so." With that the group betook themselves into the cabin, all to dream of the ship to come, and of serving good Con'l Tobin.

I rose a little higher then, and was just about to peep into the open door, when I saw little black Tom stealthily creeping along to the bank of the river. He looked up and down then quickly seated himself. He was watching for Con'l Tobin's ship to come in laden with jewels and precious metals, nor did he give me even so much as a passing glance, so intent was his watch. After a little I saw him joyfully jump up, then he knelt down as if in prayer, his lips seeming to say:

"Good Lawd, 'deed I lubs you! Der comes Con'l Tobin's ship all sparklin' wid diamonds and gold! Good Lawd, let me get it in for him, den he will buy me from Marsh Whitehill."

Of course, I knew he mistook my image in the Ohio for his ship, and in fact it did look as it floated over the rippling waters like a golden fairy boat. Higher and higher I rose, each minute bringing my reflection nearer and nearer the little black slave waiting on the banks to catch the treasure ship.

At last the image was brought directly under him and he leaned over the high bank to grasp it.

Further he reached—still further—his hand was almost touching the water—almost grasping the golden ship. I pitied the poor little fellow when I thought of his disappointment in finding that his ship was only an image.

But suddenly I saw the bank beneath him giving way! Once more the little slave grasped for the ship! It was his final effort, and without a cry he sank forever beneath the waves of the Ohio!

He had found his new master.

Alvin Probasco Nipgen.

FROM CORNELIUS

" Ou fille, ou femme, ou veuve, ou laide, ou belle,  
Ou pauvre, ou riche, ou galante, ou cruelle.  
La nuit, le jour, veut être, à mon avis,  
Tant qu'elle peut, la maitresse au logis."  
—Voltaire.

IN Voltaire's time women, perhaps, were satisfied, as he describes, but nowadays all this is regarded as a matter of course, and much more is expected. For instance, if



"UNE DAME AT THE SEA-SIDE OR LAKE-SIDE"  
(see Cornelius's Letter)

a woman wants to live in Paris she generally does it. If the husband does not like it, or has to attend to his business, he stays at home. As the children should learn French, they live with their mother, and "George" is supposed to have a lonely, grinding, slaving life of it all alone. Whether or not this is the case really seems of little consequence to the wife.

But suppose that George is the one who would enjoy life here, who has the means to



"IN THE CONSERVATORY WE FIND A CHARMER"  
(See Cornelius's Letter)

do so, while Madame fails to see any attraction. Not only would George never live here, but he would most fervently believe that French can be learned perfectly at school at home; that life here is most immoral; that it is much more expensive, and that no American should desert his country.

"Ma fois de quelque sens que vous tourniez l'affaire,  
Prendre femme est à vous un coup bien téméraire."

And Molière found out by a "personally conducted" experience that he had said a wise thing.

But when both parties are of the same mind I do not know a nicer place to live in. As a lady from Chicago (west side) remarked to me last spring, "Europe is certainly widenin', an' if I'd ha knowed how widenin' it was, I'd ha went there before." She should come "early and stay till after tea."

I am glad to be able to send you this week some new summer costumes made by Felix, Worth and Lachartrouille.

The young lady walking in the garden is wearing a mantelet of black moiré, having the revers and applications of cream-colored guipure and edged with jet beads (guipure of this color is always a great favorite). The centre is of black lace finished off at the waist by rosettes. The dress is of dove-colored wool. The capote is of green straw trimmed with pompons, spangled roses and bows of black satin.

In the conservatory we find a charmer dressed in a gown the skirt of which is of blue crépon trimmed round the bottom with a spangled passementerie over a ruby surah. The corsage is of surah plaited and having appliqué passementerie forming a bolero in the front and back. The upper part of the sleeves are of red surah and the lower part of blue crépon, as are also the cuffs, and trimmed with passementerie. The collar is of surah plaited crossways.

The very enthusiastic dame standing on a chair at the races and waving her hand, probably at the approaching horses or possibly at an invisible friend, has on "a perfect love of a gown" of white mousseline de soie, the apron, bottom of skirt and corsage of which are trimmed with little flounces edged with very narrow lace surmounted by insertions; bouffant sleeves puffed at intervals to the elbow by the insertion, belt and bow of pink moiré; hat of corn-colored straw trimmed with a seagull and black perroquette.

While I like the gown immensely I at the same time ventured a feeble remonstrance over the combination of the birds on the hat. I was so scornfully and energetically informed that not only were birds going on to hats this summer, but that the above combine was original and striking, that I meekly returned into my hole and only dare to venture forth at night, or when the coast is clear.

The first drawing represents une dame at the sea-side or lake-side, with a spotty "ombrelle" shading her and preserving her complexion. ("What did you say? You don't like spotty 'ombrelles'? Well! pour l'amour du ciel don't speak so loud; neither didn't I—when I dared to have an opinion.")

Her toilette is of mauve surah. The plaited corsage is trimmed with three bands of guipure edged with black velvet. The epaulettes are plaited. There is a wide collar and belt of guipure. The sleeves and ruffles on the skirt



"THE YOUNG LADY WALKING IN THE GARDEN"  
(See Cornelius's Letter)

are of ivory crêpe de chine edged with black velvet. The capote of fish-scales is edged with green velvet and trimmed with bows of violet ribbon.

Before I forget it: I have been requested to add that the cream-colored guipure now all the rage is of the pattern known as Venise à la rose, which in English means Venetian lace with roses.

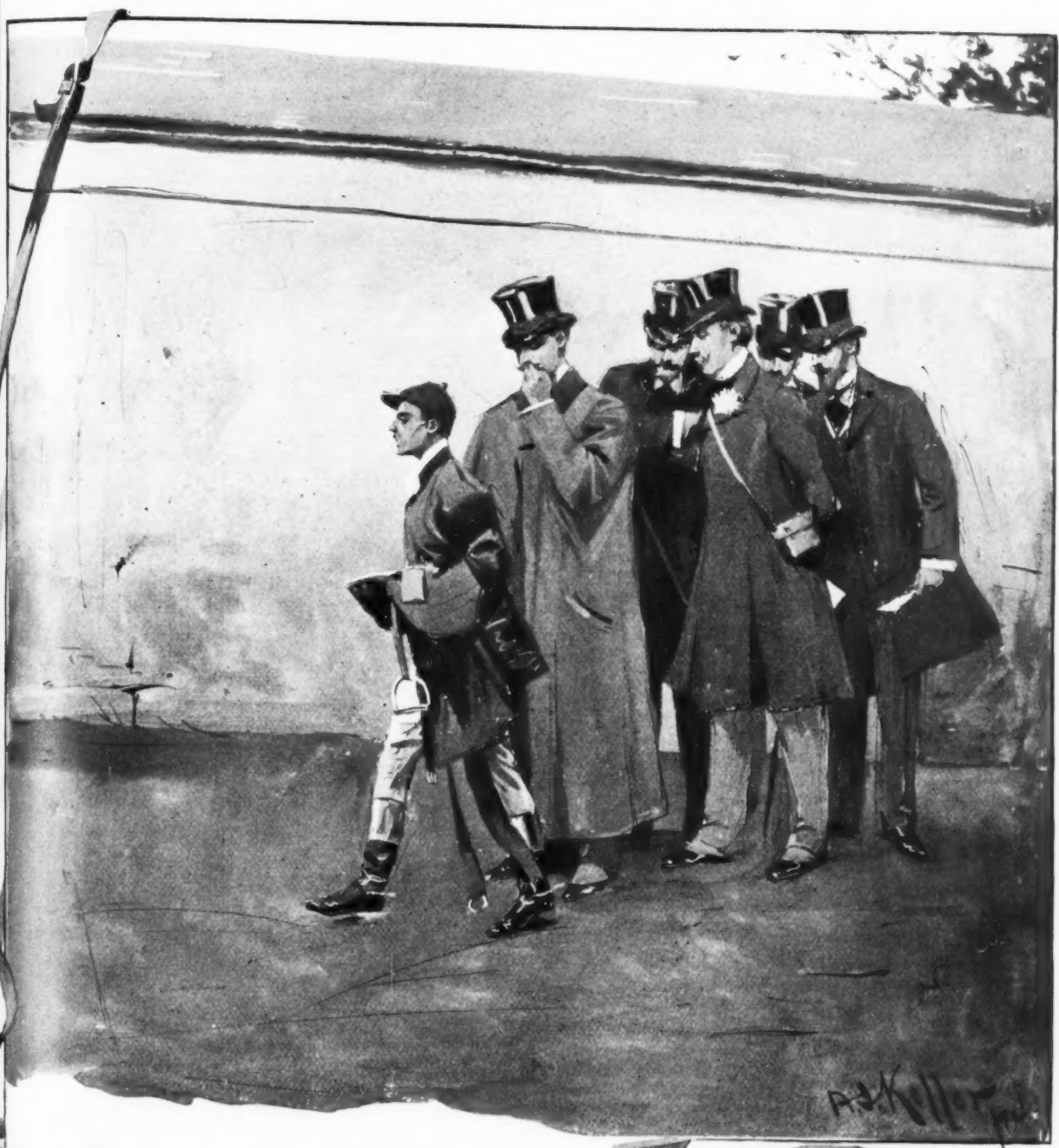
The Bon Marché, Louvre, Printemps, etc., are just beginning their expositions of spring and summer styles, and it is very curious to note that all they have done is to produce the winter styles in light materials—I mean by "light" thinner materials. This is almost



"THE VERY ENTHUSIASTIC DAMSEL STAND-  
ING ON A CHAIR" (See Cornelius's Letter)



A FOOL AND HIS HORSE



ND HIS LL SOON BE PARTED

always the case, and I suppose that the reason is that their customers will only take models of what they have seen worn by swell people.

The bombs that have been exploding quite regularly here lately have been the cause of sorrow to me.

I had a friend in London who was coming over, but who has written, postponing his visit, and adding: "Why don't you come over to London and dine-a-mite with us instead?"

When I do go over I shall not go near him, naturally; but I cannot help regretting him, as he was a good fellow.

Cornelius.

Paris, 23 March, 1894.



Suggested model for street gown for stout woman. This is a modification of a French costume. The material can be of black moiré. The bands to be of jet. The sleeves should be of moiré also for a stout woman, as this will tend to make her size less conspicuous. Bonnet of black straw faced with white and trimmed with jet and feathers.

#### WHAT SHE WEARS

AS I anticipated, the spring weddings were "clothes shows" and the effect of the brilliant combinations of colors so fashionable this season was fairly dazzling. The mania for some touches of black on every costume was very noticeable. I do not remember ever before seeing black introduced into bridesmaids' gowns, but at Miss Kip's wedding her bridesmaids' gowns of pink had trimmings of black and on the curious shaped hats pink and black were also combined.

The costumes of the bridesmaids at the Lentilhon-Guilford wedding were unique. The gowns were of red and white, with hats of red and white and parasols instead of bouquets. If the crowds at the church weddings

continue to be so great people will surely not wear any dainty pretty costumes. At the Kip-McCreery wedding the church was filled with a mob of people who fairly fought with one another in a mad endeavor to get a glimpse of the bridal party, while at the Lentilhon-Guilford wedding there was almost a panic among the people, who were packed together like sheep. No gown can stand such usage, and the fresh costumes of silk and lace I saw alighting from the carriages in front of the church looked, after the ceremony was over, as though they had been worn for at least two seasons at Narragansett or Southampton.

Spangled jet trimming becomes more and more the rage every day. It is very effective, and now that founces of net come with jet-spangled embroidery thereon no woman can resist having at least some of it on her gown. I have seen it used several times with very good results in place of the white lace falls and jabots with colored collars.

The summer silks are uncommonly pretty this season, and the present style of combining two or three colors gives a very chic look. I saw a light blue-and-white-striped gown the other day, trimmed with a broad folded belt of black ribbon on which were strewn amethyst-colored flowers such as never grew on this earth. The belt was held in place at the back and front of the waist by cut-steel buckles. The skirt flared tremendously, but I was told the "flare" was caused by the way in which it was cut, and not by any stiffening. The Paquin cut (which being interpreted means Paquin's latest fashion) will prove a hopeless puzzle to many an amateur. Certain tricks of the trade can never be attained to by outsiders, strive as they may.

There seems to be no end to the different designs in hats and bonnets this season. Surely no one ought to be seen wearing unbecoming headgear in this age of the world. Flowers, as natural looking as possible, and of the old market-garden style of blossom, are very much worn. They are occasionally combined with feathers and lace, but such combinations demand the greatest nicety of taste.

Miss Mamie Field wore a hat the other morning at one of the Bagby musicales at the Waldorf that was exceedingly becoming. It was somewhat on the sailor shape but with very low crown. A little to the left of the centre were two large bunches of violets from which stood up two red carnations. The hat itself was of open-work straw, light brown. This hat was worn with tan-colored skirts, a deep red waist, and full ostrich feather boa of light brown.

Women who are clever enough to study what is becoming are very particular about their veils. Oculists may preach until they

are tired as to the terrible danger of blindness induced by the wearing of dotted veils. "Il faut souffrir pour être belle" is one of the truest things ever said, and dotted veils are but one more proof thereof. There is one shade of brown veiling which is very becoming to women with light hair and it gives a rosy look to a pale complexion that is really surprising. White chiffon is delightful, making any skin a little fade as youthful as any débutante's should be. Black veiling with white dots is effective and pretty, but must be just right in texture to look "chic." The expensive veils made up are rarely satisfactory, and after all a fancy black net with small mesh is the best any one can buy. A very nice way of having about one's self a faint and delicate perfume is to keep veils for some time in sachets where is the most expensive of violet sachet powder. The veiling will only retain enough of the perfume to make it delightfully refined.

Checked silks are the rage in waists or skirts, but are rarely combined. One of the smartest I have seen was with skirt and sleeves of black and white silk. The body of heliotrope satin covered with accordion-plaited chiffon, and with belt and long ends of black satin ribbon at the back of the gown.

Chiffon waists are much worn. The material is, of course, very perishable, but when made over tight-fitting silk linings will wear as well as anyone can desire. I saw a heliotrope chiffon waist worn at a musicale last week that was heavily trimmed with jet and was odd and effective and most becoming.

Moiré combined with chiffon is handsome. I saw a woman at supper at the Waldorf a few evenings ago wearing a gown of black mirror moiré with waist of white satin covered with plaited chiffon. There were three horizontal bands on the back and front of the waist, made of white satin covered with jet-spangled net. The skirt and sleeves were of the moiré and were severely plain. The woman's bonnet was a dainty little affair of jet and white lace.

#### TO "HIM"

DEAR HIM! I have been asked to write —yes, actually to write—an article telling people in general how I eat, how I drink and how I sleep; how I pass my days and how I spend my evenings; what I do and how I do it—and by you, too! I thought at first, you know, that it was a piece of unwarrantable impertinence and rather remarkable that people should have any curiosity about me. I only do the same things as other fellows, men whom I know and who have about the same income to spend. Fifty thousand dollars per year is not a very liberal allowance, but a fellow can do very well on it and be quite popular if he only knows how to manage a little. Yet, when a man belongs to several clubs—I belong to about twelve, which I consider rather a decent number—when one has an apartment and a reputation for clothes to keep up, a horse or so and other things, the sum becomes pretty limited, I can tell you. Now and then I find myself in very shallow water, but I don't see how I can economize or how I can decrease my expenses one cent. It is impossible to belong to less than twelve clubs, although I know many

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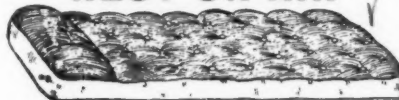
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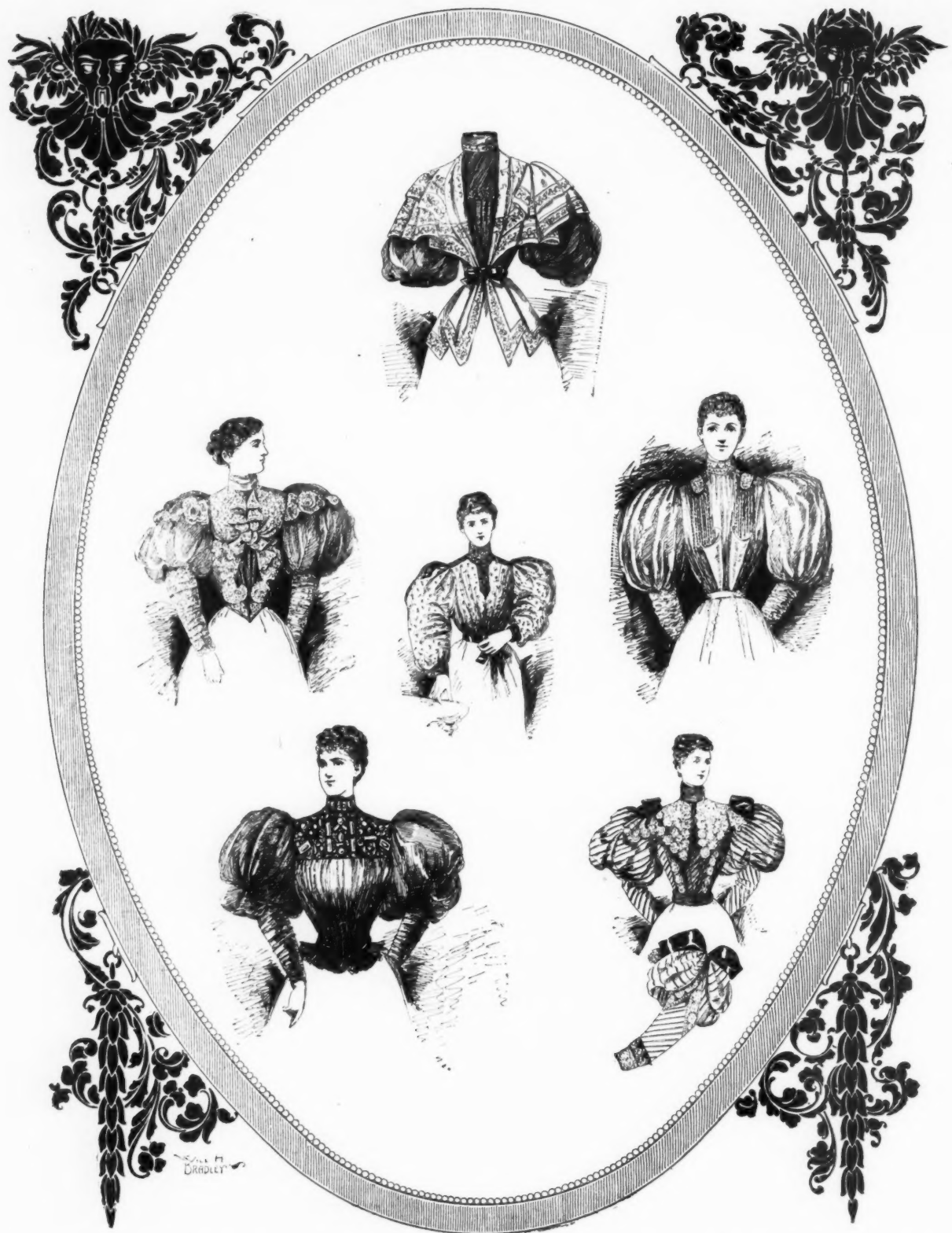
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CHURCH WAIST (lower right figure).—Black and white striped silk Cardinal collar of white moiré with deep old Russian lace, wide moiré stripe from waist line to bust, covered with Russian lace, topped with a black satin bow, wide black satin loops on shoulders, tight coat sleeves with puff of black and white silk, looped high on the shoulder, with band of black satin covered with lace under puff, neck band of red velvet.

AFTERNOON WAIST (lower left figure).—Old rose satin (pink) covered with black accordion plaiting of mousseline de soie; yoke of jet and turquoise blue. Sleeves tight fitting from elbow to wrist, full puff from elbow to shoulder. Puff of mousseline de soie around waist, black satin belt with bow.

THEATRE WAIST (upper right figure).—Blue turquoise chiffon over blue silk. Medallion of écreu lace and jet fringe on each shoulder, same jet and lace brought in two stripes down the back to waist line, collar of white satin with lace and jet, with insertion over it. Two stiff, wide, white satin ends from waist line to bust. Sleeves very full and shirred into a deep cuff.

(Upper left figure.) Blue turquoise India silk, zouave front of figured India silk, a jabot of India silk edged with white footing, a butterfly bow in front, wide écreu lace insertions coming under the zouave front down to the waist. Sleeve full puff of blue India silk, with blue silk epaulette edged with wide écreu lace insertion and tight-fitting sleeves of colored India silk shirred

on either side of the sleeves down to the wrist.

TEA WAIST (model with shawl-like shoulder cape).—Light terra-cotta grenadine, with V-vest front of grenadine and terra-cotta grenadine sleeves to the elbow, collar of terra-cotta grenadine. Bands of narrow black veivet, shoulder cape of sage-green India silk (figured) belted in at the waist in a black moiré belt and falling in two deep points much below the waist.

CARRIAGE WAIST (central figure).—Peacock blue satin brocaded in moss rose buds, full sleeve, caught at the wrist into a four-inch cuff of cherry satin covered with jet. A medallion of cherry satin and jet at the throat below the collar. Black satin collar and cherry satin stripe covered with jet hung from the shoulder over the sleeve.



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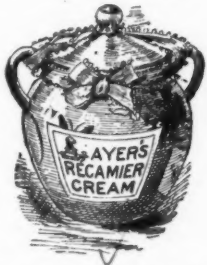
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fellows who only belong to two or three, but Brock Cutting has thirteen on his list, and I consider him only a moderately popular fellow. Twombly has a good many more, but then, you know, he married one of the Vanderbilt girls. Many of the men who joined the new Metropolitan in the beginning have withdrawn their names on account of the slump in Cordage stock. The club has refunded them their \$300, which is a very decent thing to do. I find the Union a necessity. I inherited my membership there, so to speak, my father having put me on the waiting list when I was quite a youngster. It's a bit livelier than it used to be, and there are now about the average proportion of young men to older members as well as to the ancient duffers who knew my father and the perennial soaks who know everybody. A fellow is obliged to belong to the Union. It is a bit mixed now, unfortunately, and it looks in the afternoon as if it were the Stock Exchange after hours. The Metropolitan Club has frightened the Governors of the Union, and there is no waiting list of members to speak of. I don't think I spend over \$2,000 a year at the Union, although perhaps I may. I am in there every day, as it is a good place to start with. Then there is the Calumet. I belong there because some other fellows do, and I look in there a little while every day and take a brandy and soda. It's a good place to drop in on your way uptown. Then, of course, there is the Knickerbocker. A man must belong to the Knickerbocker. There are a lot of nice fellows in it, although you seldom see them. But it is a good place to stop in on your way uptown. A fellow must go in for athletics in some way, and there is only one smart club of that kind to which he can belong, and that is the Racquet—all the fellows belong to the Racquet, and it is such a jolly place to drop into when you are on your way uptown. Of course, there is the Metropolitan; that's about at the end of the line.

I joined the Metropolitan with the other fellows. I've stuck to it—I am glad I did. It is such a jolly place to drop into when you are uptown. I cannot exist without the Country Club. It is simply indispensable in summer. When a fellow has horses and all that sort of thing he has to drive to somewhere and he has to have some place to put up at. The Country Club is the place to spend a few days. And then, again, there is the Tuxedo—a fellow must belong to that. It is the best place in the world for a quiet game and there is little else for one to do in the country except being rural. I believe in being rural when you are in the country. I put on a golf suit and wander around a little, although I don't think I like it enough to lie down with the cows in the field and put my head on their shoulders. I don't keep a steam yacht, but I do a little yachting in the summer, and I belong to the New York Yacht Club, because all the other fellows belong and one can't have a yacht and not belong to the Club. I also have joined the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club for the same reason, and then, you know, if one ever does have time to go down from the Metropolitan in the afternoon they are both jolly places to stop on your way downtown. All the men I know belong to the Meadowbrook, Hunt and so, of course, I belong. When I am on Long Island I go down there to the meets sometimes, and one can't go down to the meets

and not belong to the Club. I believe I also belong to the College Fraternity Club. I never go there. I pay the dues once a year and I know that it is something about two Greek letters, but which ones I forget. It is such a bore to remember those kind of things. But a fellow must do so for decency sake. All of my clubs cost me about a couple of thousand apiece. I find myself writing a great deal more than I thought I would about them, but they really do form quite a part of my existence.

I never get up until eleven and I consider that quite an early hour. I have had a pretty hard time to get a good man, but I have secured one at last from London. English servants are much better than any others except the Japanese. Bobby Hargous has a Jap who serves him with a real Japanese tea in a Sèvres cup from a golden tray every morning at twelve! But Bobby sleeps in a gilded bed under a golden canopy and a gold brocade counterpane and is quite Oriental in his tastes. His beardless Japanese gives me the shivers. I can't stand importations from the east. I find my man comparatively cheap. I pay him about \$40 a month, give him board wages and clothe him.

It is really a hard thing for a bachelor to get a decent apartment in New York. Wherever you see the sign Bachelor Apartments you may know that the people will charge you about five times as much as they should for very inferior accommodations. Perry Belmont has taken a house uptown and old Peter Marié has lived down in Nineteenth Street ever since the year one. I have my eye on a place downtown on Fifth Avenue near Washington Square. It is quite a decent floor, with pink cupids and yellow flowers and all that sort of thing painted all over the ceiling. It is quite a bargain, only \$2,500 a year. Pearsall Thorne, the clever fellow who wrote the opera about the Puritans, in which the Bostonians were singing, got it, however, and has fitted it up quite gorgeously. I didn't want to go to the Willbraham and I didn't care about the Cumberland, so I have had a difficult time getting exactly what I wanted. I have secured half of a floor for \$3,000. I have a sitting-room, a bed-room and a bath and plenty of closets.

A fellow must have a fad about his rooms and so I have taken to china. One can collect a good deal in New York and I think my rooms make a very pretty show. Belmont goes in for china and a half a dozen other fellows I know. Others, again, go in for miniatures and all that sort of thing.

As I was saying, I always rise at eleven. My man pulls up the shades, throws open the blinds and lets the sunlight in, if there is any, otherwise the cold air, of which there is always a quantity in New York. He then prepares my bath. I always take my bath tepid—I don't believe exactly in cold plunges. When I have come from the bath-room I generally sit down in my dressing gown and slippers, go through the newspapers and my mail. In the meantime my man brings my breakfast. I never take anything more than a cup of tea in the morning. He then gets my toilette articles ready and I arrange to shave myself. I do not let my man shave me and I never patronize a barber except when I want my hair cut, and then he always comes to

my rooms. My man is so well trained that he always knows what morning suit I wish to wear. Sometimes only does he consult me. I dress slowly and in about an hour I am ready to go out. I always go first to the Union Club, as a greater part of my mail is directed there. Sometimes my groom telephones me from the stable, that is if it is a fine day, that my horse is ready, and I jump in a cab and go up to the Park. My groom is always waiting for me at the entrance and I sometimes take a canter before breakfast. I used always to breakfast downtown at the Union, but now the Metropolitan is convenient to the Park so I sometimes drop in there when I am bent on a ride. Once in a while I vary the performance by breakfasting at Delmonico's. It is about two o'clock, I think, when I sit down to breakfast, although sometimes, when I have been out rather late the night before, and have acquired a bottle or so of soda water or a more potent B and S, it is about four o'clock before I take my first meal. After breakfast I take a cab and go to my rooms, where I change my clothes and put on afternoon dress. I then make my round of my clubs, see lots of fellows, and if I have an invitation or so, drop in to several teas and afternoons. This takes up nearly all my time until the candles are lighted. I then go to my rooms again and dress for dinner. I am very seldom without a dinner invitation, and in the season I have frequently two and three for each evening, besides tickets to the opera and the play. When I have an evening without an engagement I dine at one of my clubs, sometimes at the Union, sometimes at the Metropolitan. I go to the play once in a while and to the opera every night during the season. If I am with people, we usually go to supper when the performance is over. I forgot to say that among my other clubs I belong to the Vaudeville, and that I frequently take supper there after the opera. It is the vogue now for people to give suppers at their own houses, not at public restaurants, like Delmonico's and the Waldorf. So that if I have no supper engagement when the Vaudeville is over, I go to the club—the Union is my favorite—but I sometimes drop in at either the Calumet or the Knickerbocker. I take supper there, if I haven't already supped, with one or two fellows. My supper is comparatively simple. I have one hot dish, and then birds and salad and a bit of cheese. I am very fond of pâté with my salad. I only take two wines at most. I like a mild claret and a quart or so of dry champagne. I take coffee after supper, and brandy. Sometimes we fellows make a trip to one of the Sixth Avenue restaurants, or some other Bohemian resort, just to see what is going on. These places, you know, were once called all-night oyster and chop houses, and one meets there all the interesting people that one cares to see, sometimes. If I give a little supper to any one of the young ladies connected with the stage I generally bring them there. Everybody goes, nowadays, to these places, and your friends, and especially the wives of your friends whom you meet in Society, may be seated at the next table. They are generally very much interested, and think none the worse of you for being a gay young bachelor. Well, this brings me to about four in the morning, which is the time I generally go to bed.

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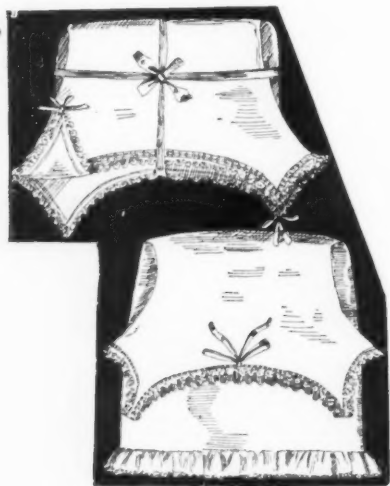
PINK AND BLUE CHANGEABLE SILK PETTICOAT

DRAWERS.—French mull insertion of fine Hamburg embroidery, two ruffles with tiny tucks and lace, tied with strings of mull. All the seams are joined with lace beading.

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SOCIETY

Weddings, musicales, coaching parties  
 and suffrage and anti-suffrage meet-  
 ings and the Gymkanha races at  
 Edward Potter's farm at Scarsdale made  
 week full of interest.  
 The Hurst-Mairs and the McNamee-Eck-  
 weddings were both in the country and  
 the same day—Thursday last.  
 The old Spencer place at Westchester,  
 where Miss Hurst was married, was in perfect  
 condition, the wedding breakfast being  
 set at small tables on the lawn, weather  
 being by an almost midsummer mildness,  
 the effect heightened by the as yet leaf-  
 trees. A Virginia reel was danced on  
 lawn, led by the bride and groom, and  
 there was a meet of the hounds and a  
 gal run.  
 The McNamee-Eckhout ceremony in St.  
 Church, Clifton, Staten Island, and  
 following reception at the bride's country  
 on Grymes Hill, was an ideal country  
 thing. Both bride and groom are very  
 looking and blessed with more than a  
 amount of this world's goods. The dif-  
 at members of the Vanderbilt connection  
 handsome presents, including a superb  
 of rose point lace from Mrs. W. H.  
 derbilt.  
 suffrage and anti-suffrage occupy the time,  
 light and conversation of woman now-a-  
 The suffragists thought everything  
 going their way and confidently stated  
 they had, or should have, every name of  
 nificance on their lists and the little corner  
 cherry's room where the petition is signed  
 been crowded daily. Mrs. William  
 held a very interesting meeting at her  
 e, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street, last  
 rnesday, where the excitement reached  
 heat when Mrs. Arthur Dodge pre-  
 ed a petition against suffrage.  
 On her list were such names as Mrs. Rich-  
 Irvin and Mrs. Frederic Goodridge.  
 se ladies, with many more, wish to have  
 word "male" left in the State Constitu-  
 tion. As they are all women prominent  
 ally and philanthropically the probability  
 they will have many followers.  
 Never before in this State has the prospect  
 suffrage for women been so propitious.  
 At the present discussion will result this  
 in removing the word male from the  
 constitution is highly improbable. The pro-  
 gists have, however, the better end of  
 argument in abstract right being on their  
 side.  
 Like free trade, few persons deny the  
 fact right, though millions contest its  
 efficacy. Sentiment, education and con-  
 scription place many women in opposition to  
 age for themselves, and their opinions, as  
 proceeding from conviction, are entitled to  
 consideration and respect. The ulti-  
 result nevertheless is that women will  
 in the course of time equal suffrage  
 men.  
 This evening, 3 May, at 8.30 at Sherry's,  
 Mr. Charles Stewart Smith in the chair,  
 sses in favor of equal suffrage will be  
 ered: Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell,  
 the Working Women's Need of Protec-

tion. William H. Draper, M.D., "What  
 are Likely to be the Effects of Equal Suffrage  
 on the Family." Rev. W. S. Rainsford,  
 D.D., "The Illiterate Vote." Felix Adler,  
 Ph.D., "Minority Representation." Rev.  
 Arthur Brooks, D.D., "Woman Suffrage a  
 Step in the Progress of Christian Civilization."  
 The invitations for this occasion are issued  
 by Mrs. Francis G. Shaw, Mrs. William H.  
 Draper, Mrs. Arthur Brooks, Dr. Mary  
 Putnam Jacobi, Miss May Callender, Mrs.  
 W. S. Rainsford, Mrs. Robert B. Minturn,  
 Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, Mrs. H. M.  
 Sanders, Mrs. George Haven Putnam, Mrs.  
 Charles Russell Lowell, Miss de Forest and  
 others.  
 In spite of many empty boxes at several of  
 the operas last week, everybody who could be  
 present was there and the house brilliant.  
 The women appeared in stunning gowns,  
 which were evidently new and fresh, and the  
 enthusiasm over the singers was as great if  
 not greater than at any time this winter, par-  
 ticularly on the final night, Friday, single acts  
 from several different operas being sung.  
 Miss Edith Sands and Mr. T. J. Oakley  
 Rhinelander are still being dined. The last  
 dinner given them was by Mrs. Frederic de  
 Peyster on Thursday.  
 Mrs. Grenville Snelling has gone abroad to  
 study to become a prima donna. Mrs. Snell-  
 ing has always been noted for her fine voice  
 in parlor music, but only within the past year  
 has she developed the talent, which critics  
 pronounce very remarkable.  
 By a singular coincidence Mrs. Snelling  
 sailed on Saturday, on The Touraine, with  
 Mme. Calve, Mme. Melba and the de Resz-  
 zkes. What an extraordinary chance for an  
 oceanic concert!  
 Long wedding trips are no longer the fash-  
 ion, and already some of the recent brides  
 and grooms have returned. Mr. and Mrs.  
 Charles Grenville Peters, who were married  
 14 April, are at their country place at Willist-  
 on, near Hempstead, and Mr. and Mrs.  
 Richard McCreery have gone abroad.  
 Next week will see the beginning of a gen-  
 eral exodus for the country.  
 It may interest those who have noted that  
 recently Vogue has been publishing portraits  
 accredited to "James L. Breese," that Mr.  
 Breese is not a photographer as that term is  
 ordinarily understood. His main work is  
 reproductions of art subjects, architectural  
 details, miniatures and paintings, to which  
 his portrait work from life is, in fact, second-  
 ary. His portraits are limited to friends, and  
 those who are introduced by note or special  
 correspondence. The result is most natural;  
 appointments for sittings have been eagerly  
 sought during the past season, and his sitters  
 have been socially distinguished. These  
 portraits, therefore, have a fashionable char-  
 acter, entirely apart from their merit. In  
 respect of merit, however, Mr. Breese is  
 comparable with Mrs. Cameron, whose  
 portraits have a world-wide celebrity for  
 their posing, lighting, and subtle modeling.

NOTIFICATIONS

SUMMER ADDRESSES

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Carley, Tuxedo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. William C. Sheldon, Jr., Bernardsville, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Prall Thompson, Morristown, N. J.

ENTERTAINMENT

The University Glee Club. First Concert, Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, for benefit of the University Settlement. Thursday evening, 10 May.  
 The Strollers. Annual Spring Theatricals in Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, every evening of the week, 30 April-5 May, in aid of Post-Graduate Training School for Nurses, Wayside Day Nursery, Babies' Hospital, Fresh Air and Convalescent Home at Summit, N. J.  
 National Academy of Design. Annual Spring Exhibition closes 12 May.

COACHING

The coach between New York and Philadelphia, leaving daily from the Waldorf, was booked:  
 Vivid, 30 April, for Mr. and Mrs. H. E.

Meeker, Miss Meeker, Miss Conkling, Miss Edith Owen, Mr. Benson, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Cawtry, Mr. Conkling.  
 Alert, 1 May. Mr. Neilson Brown, whip, General Field and Mayor Bleisten, of Buffalo, and party.  
 Vivid, 2 May. Mr. Edward Morrell, whip, Colonel and Mrs. Jay, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Breese, Miss Turnure.

DEPARTURES AND ARRIVALS

Sailed—La Touraine, 28 April, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Henri M. Braem, Miss Pauline Braem, Miss Josephine Braem, Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Miss Burden, Miss G. Burden, Mr. Chansarel, Mrs. Gaspar Griswold, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kable, Mrs. G. T. Snelling, Mrs. W. Storrs Wells, Miss Nathalie Wells.  
 Werra, 28 April, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville P. Tuck.  
 Arrived, Teutonic, from Liverpool, 18 April, Dr. A. Jacobi, Mr. H. de Forest Weekes.

FASHIONABLE LITERATURE

Dodo has attained the popular distinction of appearing in five-cent editions. The best edition is Appleton's Town and Country Library.  
 Marcella, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is a two-volume novel. The frontispiece is a portrait of the author.  
 Ships that Pass in the Night also is in five-cent form. No book of recent date has excited such widely divergent opinions, unless it be The Heavenly Twins, the sale of which is rapidly falling off. A new book by Beatrice Harraden is A New Book of the Fairies.  
 The best and cheapest collection of short stories of the day is Harper's Magazine for May. This magazine has distinguished itself this year for admirable fiction.  
 The reader looking for current works of excellence, novelty and interest, will get—A Gentleman of France, by Stanley Wyman; Under the Red Robe, by the same author; The Soul of the Bishop, by John Strange Winter, and The Double Overture, by F. E. Benson, author of Dodo and of Rubicon.  
 A Yellow Aster, by Iota, continues its popularity as a powerful exposition of the view that life is love.

THE PLAY HOUSES

Abbey's—Cinderella.  
 Academy of Music—The Girl I Left Behind Me.  
 Broadway—Utopia Limited.  
 Casino—Giroffé-Giroffa.  
 Daly's—Shore Acres.  
 Empire—Sowing the Wind.  
 Fifth Avenue—Hannele.  
 Garden—1492.  
 Lyceum—The Amazons.  
 Palmer's—The Butterflies.  
 Pastor's—Vesta Tilley.  
 Standard—Sam'l of Pozen.

Cinderella as spectacle is a fitting successor to the pageantry of Irving's Becket and Henry VIII. No better costumed piece has ever been seen in New York.  
 Hannele has been playing for two nights. This week will determine whether the public cares for such plays. It did not take any too kindly to Margaret Fleming, well acted as it was.  
 Sowing the Wind will give place on May 14 at the Empire to Gudgeons, to be resumed in November. Not the least charming feature of this play is the perfection and good taste of the quaint old-time dressing, and particularly the male characters, who are fine types of English gentlemen of the last century.  
 RANDOM RAMBLES  
 BY MATERIALIST  
 I  
 Spring is supposed to bring a tired feeling, and at the same time a sense of exaltation. Vogue's Materialist heard a very pretty girl say yesterday as she admired the first faint indications of peach tree bloss-

soms in Westchester County, "Well, I am glad those wicked trees are beginning to think of clothing themselves. See, they are blushing and trying to hide their naked branches." This sort of humor is, I fancy, the to-be-expected result of overwrought sensibilities that have for one long winter been subjected to the appreciative pronouncements of our national legislators on the Saint Gaudens nudities in medallic design. Besides, it was after luncheon at the Country Club. And such a repast! It was served almost as perfectly as Sherry could have done, and that is saying much. It was Cliquot Brut—that most delicious of wines, which inspired my lady to poetry. The company had had a most charming time on the coach Tempest. Clinch Smith had driven us out and a crowd had assembled to see us leave when the horn was sounded, precisely at eleven, at the Hotel Brunswick. I do not know of a better way of entertaining than this trip into the country and back. The coach has been in great demand, but there are still some vacant days in May. I hope some of my friends will be "booked" and that I can have a repetition of yesterday's experience. It is worth waiting and hoping for.

II

I read your "Him," dear Vogue, with much interest. I am busy in selecting for the household—the masculine part—the patterns of shirtings in which they are to blaze out resplendent this summer. The haberdashers are so obliging these days. S. P. Carmichael of the Sturtevant House sends me an envelope full of the loveliest samples. I have only got to pick and choose. Here comes Sam Budd, at Broadway and Twenty-fourth Street, with another batch, and one member of the family has just arrived from down town with a thick black volume under his arm. It is from the Astor House Stores, and it contains over two hundred scraps of the most beautiful samples of percale, Madras and flannel, cut in little triangles like the flags of yachts. Nowadays we are bringing shopping to such a fine point that I suppose within a few years we shall do all our orders by phonograph, telephone and electric appliances, just as we shall sit at home and listen to the opera and attend church on Sundays in the midst of our family.

III

Another bother has been averted, and that is the packing up of the winter clothes in the everlasting cedar chests with camphor balls and horrible smelling things. I can always sniff men at the first breath of winter. I received a circular yesterday, signed by Columbus Iselin and some thirty others as well known, calling my attention to the establishing of a Moth-Proof, Insurance and Storage Company, which takes men's clothes in the spring, folds and brushes them, and puts them away wrapped in moth-proof cloths in a safe storehouse until they are again needed. The clothes return without the least odor and in perfect condition. You can get them at an hour's notice, splendidly turned out. The company proposes to look after furniture, and every article which needs protection from insects. The office of the company is established at E. Twyeffort's, 253 Fifth Avenue. The charges are light, and everything I can collect in the house which I want to store away goes there to-morrow.

IV

When you want something to read go to—where shall I say? In New York there are really few places where one can get the latest novels. There are, do you know, only about ten book shops up town, and they are generally out of everything. When one does get the Heavenly Twins, the Yellow Aster and the like, a very high price is paid. Now, I am wise. I always get the latest novels at Hilton, Hughes & Co., when I go to do my shopping. It is so convenient to have all the latest books there, and at cost price. One lives and learns in New York.



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